

Painkiller

98 Mute

Insecurity, this time it's got the best of me.
Apathy, this time I think it's killing me.
Try to scream, but I can't make any noise.
Try to breathe, but the breath has lost my voice.
There has got to be a better way.

Some way to get rid of this fucking pain.
Is my future in a razor blade?
Sometimes suicide isn't so insane.
Bad memories, so I drink to forget.
But you see, all I lose is self respect.

No control, no more goals and no more aim.
Blackened soul, everyday it feels the same.
Can't face the boredom that everyday brings.
I'm feeling guilty for an uncommitted crime.
Left dangling from a puppeteer's strings.
My body's free but my mind is doing time.

Suicide, everyday a soul is lost.
Justified, I think I'll carry my own cross.
Bedside note, sorry mother if you cry.
But life's a joke, so I think today, I'll just lay down and die.

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